

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal - - - Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

{ AMOS SMITH, JR. }
Editor.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

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CLING TO THY MOTHER.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

Cling to thy mother; for she was the first
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed;
And when midst anguish like the parting strife,
Her babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother; long she bore
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisping truth.
Yes, she is old; yet on thy manly brow
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother: close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;
Then taught thy tottering limbs their undried art,
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest:
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother; brief perchance the time
May be, that she will claim the care she gave;
Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime
Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave:
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother; words unkind,
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
In love unutterable, more than pang
Of venomous serpent. Wound not her strong trust,
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dast!

O, mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The unmeasured, the unextinguishable debt
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ
Ever through thy remaining days to be
To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

THE CHILDREN AND THE NOVEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Well, there," muttered Mrs. Lee, in a somewhat petulant tone, as she laid down her babe, "thank fortune, the last one is abed and asleep. Now for a little comfort."

Carefully drawing the blankets around the tiny form, she rested one hand for a few moments on the gently heaving breast, and stirred the cradle with the other, singing the while a low lullaby.

Assured from its soft breathing and quiet limbs that it was indeed asleep, she turned from it quickly, drew her low rocker to the stand, picked up the light, and took from underneath a miscellaneous pile in her work-basket, an uncut novel.

"What a beautiful title," said she, all traces of weariness vanishing with electric rapidity from her countenance. As her eyes glanced over its pages, the dull look

they had worn all day disappeared, and the light of anticipated joy flashed in its stead.

"I know I shall be pleased with it; I feel that it will be interesting," continued she. "What charming names the author has chosen. The writer must be one of unusual taste!"

Having hastily cut the leaves, she shaded her brow with one hand, grasped the book with the other, and commenced, in the phrase of enthusiastic novel readers, to devour the pages.

Rapidly did her eyes run over the first chapter. But then—she turned her head with a quick, impatient movement. Did she not hear a rustle in the cradle? Yes, a little hand was lifted from beneath the cover.

"Too bad, too bad; he'll be awake all the evening, now;" and she glided with a noiseless step to the child's side.

But the eyelids were still closed, the measured breath of slumber stole gently from the half-parted lips, and the offending hand rested in quiet beauty upon the soft cheek.

It was a fair, sweet babe, whose little heart had throbbed but one short summer. As it lay there, the spell of sinless sleep upon his brow, it seemed the type of all things pure and blest. The holier feelings of the mother's breast were touched as if by a hand from heaven. The angel began to trouble the deep waters of her soul as she stood beside that cradle-bed; and when, after a vigil of several moments, the child still sleeping, she bent her head and imprinted upon its lips the kiss of love, the healing wave flowed for an instant—then ebbed, for the novel was not yet read.

Resuming her seat, Mrs. Lee again took her book. But the fiction seemed to have lost some of its fascination. She even put on her thimble, and threaded a needle. But a moonlight scene, where, in a honey-suckle bower, the noble lover draws a trembling girl into his bosom, and pours into her ears the bewitching words of wild courtship, acted like magic on the reader's mind, and she became absorbed in the glowing picture.

The second and third chapters were soon perused, and she was entering with increased interest upon the fourth, when a sweet voice from the trundle-bed called out, "Mother, mother!"

Her ear caught the sound, but it made no impression upon her mind till it had been several times repeated; then turning quickly, in no very gentle voice she exclaimed, "What under the sun do you want, Lizzie? I thought you were asleep an hour ago."

"I have been asleep, mother," answered the little daughter in a timid tone. "I waked up because—"

"Because you are a naughty girl, and wanted to plague me. Strange that I can't have a minute's comfort;" and going hastily to the bed, she drew the clothes around the child, and bade her shut her eyes and go to sleep.

"I want a drink, mother; I can't sleep, I am so thirsty."

The mother looked around; there was neither pitcher nor glass in the room.

"It's always just so. I never forgot to bring up water, but you were sure to want some. Why didn't you drink last night, when I had a whole pitcher full for you?"

"I wasn't thirsty last night. Do please give me a drink, and I'll go right to sleep."

"I am not going to run down stairs again to-night; so just turn over and shut your eyes;" and she sat down again to her novel, leaving the thirsty child to its thoughts, or dreams, as the case might be.

Lizzie, as she said, wanted a drink very much, and so she turned and tossed, and tried to think of everything but water, while that was all she could think of.

"If I only had one little swallow," murmured she to herself, "I guess I could get along till morning." But she might as well have wanted a pailful; there was no hope or prospect of getting any. By-and-by, she spied upon the stove-hearth a tin cup. "The baby's milk!" said she. "Perhaps that would be as good as water. I wonder if mother would let me have it."

She looked toward the parent. She was absorbed in her book; her very being seemed bound up in it. The child knew too much to disturb her. But perhaps she could get it without disturbing her mother, and she did wait a drink so much. She hesitated awhile, then crept quietly out of bed, stole to the cup, seized it eagerly, and took a swallow. But it tasted better than she thought it would, and her thirst was such that she drained it. Alarmed at what she had done, she was in such haste to put it down, that it slipped from her trembling hand, bounding against the stove, falling on the hearth, and rolling thence on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie Lee!" screamed the mother, dropping her book and running to the child. "I should like to know what you've been about!—spilt all the baby's milk, I'll warrant!" as she took up the empty cup. Then seeing the carpet was quite dry, she seized Lizzie by the shoulder, exclaiming in an angry voice, "What have you done with the milk, you little plague? Tell me this minute what's become of it?"

"I was so thirsty, mother," answered the child in a pleading voice, tears starting to her eyes. "I could not go to sleep, and so—"

"So you drank it, did you? you naughty girl," continued Mrs. Lee, with increased vehemence of tone; "drank it, and I haven't another drop of milk in the house. I'll teach you to do such things," and her hand came down heavily upon the shrinking shoulder, once, twice, three times! A wild scream of pain burst from the child's lips. Another, and another; and angry and excited as the mother was, they pierced her heart as with deep arrows.

The noise startled another child who slept in the same bed with Lizzie. Frightened from its sound slumbers, it shrieked an alarm, when the babe waking at the same moment, joined its voice with the others, not in harmony, but in one of those discords, which echo so often in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

With quick steps, quick hands and a softened tone, Mrs. Lee strove to calm the tempest she had raised. Lizzie's cries soon merged into piteous sobs, but Willie and the babe continued their loud screams, till the mother in her perplexity, would fain have wrung her hands and sat down and wept with them. At last she took the babe in one arm, and Willie in the other, and at length the two youngest rested in a sweet, calm slumber.

"Lizzie," called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone.

The child was quickly beside her.

"Bring your little chair, and sit down close to me, and see if you can draw the baby on your lap without waking him."

Lizzie did as directed, and the babe was soon clasped to her heart, her lips breathing childish words of affection over its unconscious form.

Very carefully did Mrs. Lee lay down her little Willie, and for some moments

she sat beside him, smoothing gently his fair brow, twining his golden locks around her fingers, and pressing the softest and sweetest of kisses upon his still lips.

Then, going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the babe, and placing it in the cradle, bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By-and-by, Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in the mother's lap. Mrs. Lee's hands toyed with the soft brown curls that fell over it in such rich profusion, and several times pushed them off the forehead, when the child felt the mute pressure of her lips. For some time both were silent. At length Lizzie looked timidly up, saying in a touching voice, "I am so sorry, mother, I made you so much trouble. I'll try and never be thirsty again, when you are reading." The mother's heart started; she drew the child to her bosom, embraced it fondly, closely as though she thought by pressure to still its painful throbbings. Then bearing her to the bed, she sat her down, and hastily left the room.

Soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. "Thank you, mother," said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst, "you will have a good time to read, now, for I shall go right to sleep."

With eyes brim full of tears, the mother bent over her child and kissed her again and again. And Lizzie, feeling that she was quite forgiven, and not dreaming that she had been more sinned against than sinning, threw her arms around her parent's neck and gave back kiss for kiss. Then nestling on the warm pillow of her little brother, she closed her weary eyes, and in a few moments was sound asleep.

For a long while the mother knelt beside the low couch, and when she rose and sat down again by the stand, she left the novel where she had dropped it, but took from her basket an unfinished doll, and with rapid fingers plied her needle.

It was late ere she placed her head upon her pillow. When she did, the doll, completed and neatly dressed, lay by the side of Lizzie; the novel, half-read, upon the coals in the stove, a handful of light ashes. —Hartford Times.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Trust in God.

But, mother, it's a shame to see you pining for the common necessities of life. The rich roll past in their magnificent equipages, dressed in rich silks and costly furs, smiling and happy, and never a want to trouble them. They sit down to tables loaded with costly food, dainty viands, and rare old wines, and have no thoughts of the almost famishing poor! And the slight youth threw himself into a chair by the table, at which sat his feeble mother, sewing on some coarse fabric, and burying his face in his hands, remained silent for a few moments. Starting up, he exclaimed—

It is not right for me to see you suffering—I will shovel snow, or even beg, rather than have you drooping for the nourishing food you should have; and the boy's face was suffused with blushes at the thought of begging, while his brown eye flashed when he thought of poverty.

Once they were wealthy, had myriads of friends, or pretended ones, but at the death of her husband, a merchant, Mrs. Lane's "dear five hundred friends" (?) the same as her riches, took wings and left her in her poverty. Mr. Lane's partner absconded with all the money the firm owned, and fled the country, and had not been seen or heard of since.

The widow had considerable plate and jewelry which she disposed of at a great sacrifice, and with the money thus obtained,

rented a small cottage in the suburbs of the city, where we find her at present with her son Albert.

Mrs. Lane was a middle aged lady, and still retained traces of former beauty on her pale, sad face.

Albert her only son, was about twelve years of age, slight and delicate looking, and the very image of what his mother might have been in her younger days. Dark brown eyes looking out from beneath the curling lashes, and hair of chestnut hue hung down his neck, and clustered in dainty curls on a forehead white and fair as a girl's. He was brave, high minded and loving, but very proud, and his situation now was exceedingly humiliating to him.

Mrs. Lane had been taken sick in the early part of the autumn, and had until now remained, it being January. All their money had been expended in paying for their rent and the doctor's fee, but rather than witness his mother's suffering for food and fuel, Albert resolved to take a shovel and clear the snow from the rich man's ground; and acting upon this impulse, he went to a neighbor's and borrowed the desired implement, and proceeded to several of the imposing mansions, and at last succeeded in obtaining a job and immediately commenced operations; still he could not work very fast, he was so slight and fragile, and the snow was damp and heavy; however, he kept on, only stopping now and then to rest, and in his pause to gaze at the imposing structure.

Albert had been to work about an hour, when his shovel struck something foreign from snow, and what was his astonishment when he stooped and found the object to be a purse filled with gold and bank notes. Thrusting it into his pocket, while his eyes glowed brightly, and his face reddened, he turned sharply round and glanced hurriedly at the mansion—no one was in sight—the money was his! now his mother would not want; now she would have warm clothes, and piles of fuel and dainty food! Now she should be made well!

Hurriedly completing his task, Albert started for his home, (entirely forgetting in his haste to call at the house for his pay for removing the snow from the broad walks,) and arrived at the cottage, his face glowing with excitement and his eyes beaming with pleasure.

Mother! see—I found it—it's all mine and the boy held up before his mother's astonished gaze, the purse with the shining eagles and bank notes peeping through the meshes. I was shoveling snow from the walk at a house on—street, when under the snow I found the purse. No one saw me pick it up—no one was near—the owner will never miss it, for they were very wealthy persons who occupied the building. Now dearest mother—

God saw you, my son, therefore it was wicked to bring it away with you without trying to find its owner. Go immediately to the house and return the purse. I had rather die than use a single coin of that gold, Albert.

But, mother dear, consider; you are suffering for nourishing food—we have no fuel—the rent must be paid in a few days—with but two of these shining eagles, we could be made comparatively happy; food, fuel and medicine could be bought, and the rent could also be paid, and yet we could have a little left—

Hush, Albert, do you know it is wicked to talk so? I command you to go immediately and find the owner and return the purse, and the mother bowed her head and wept.

I will, dear mother; forgive me for wishing to keep it, for you know how I love you, and it grieves me to see you looking so ill and see you suffering so uncomplainingly. Don't be angry with me, and Albert bent and pressed his lips to his mother's white brow and snatching his cap and the purse from the table, hurriedly left the cottage.

Is the owner of the house within, sir? asked Albert a few moments after, of a servant who answered his summons.

He is—do you wish to see him?

If you please, sir.

What name?

You need not give any name; tell him that a person wishes to see him on important business, and a moment after, Mr. Blake, the owner of the house, descended to the door.

Good day, sir, said Albert, removing his cap, and bowing politely to the gentleman. I called to inquire whether you lost this purse. I was shoveling snow from your walks about an—just now, and found this; and he handed the purse to the man, who answered—

When did you say you found it, youngster? and the sharp, grey eyes of Mr. Blake looked down into the boy's face as if he would read his very thoughts.

About an hour ago, sir, he replied, hanging his head.

Why did you not return it immediately when you found it? The purse belongs to my lady; she dropped it last evening when returning from the opera.

Because—I—forgive me, sir, I would rather not say. The purse contains every coin and bank note it did when I first picked it up, and the blushing boy turned to go.

Well, I am glad to find you were honest enough to return it. What may I call your name, and where is your residence?

Albert Lane, sir, and I live with my widowed mother on Winter street.

Hum—good morning, and the owner of the splendid mansion slammed the massive oaken door, and Albert turned with a burning cheek and a slow step, and wended his way homeward.

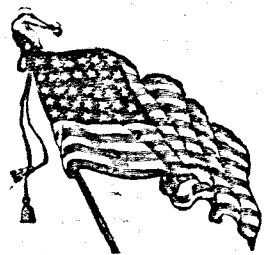
He felt very sad, he had hoped the gentleman might have been kind enough to have given him a trifle for returning the purse—he hoped so, not that he wished to be remunerated for being honest, but, that with the money he might purchase some little luxuries for his mother, but the gentleman gave him nothing—not even paying him for his labor in moving the snow from the walks; and Albert was too proud to go back for it, though he knew it would have been right, and going along slowly in the crowd that thronged the sidewalks, busily engaged with his gloomy thoughts, he was suddenly and rudely jostled by the crowd, who were excited by something which had just transpired or was transpiring, and stepping to the curbstone, he turned his eyes up the street, and saw coming down at a furious rate, a horse attached to a sleigh, containing an old gentleman, and a beautiful young lady. No one attempted to stop the animal—to be sure there was a general shouting, which did not serve to slack, but to accelerate the speed of the frightened horse. Waiting until the animal was nearly opposite, Albert sprang for the bridle, and succeeded in grasping it firmly and brought the horse to a stand still, after running a few rods with him, without receiving any injury.

A shout of joy went up from the crowd who witnessed this heroism, and as Albert turned to leave the spot, one of the gentlemen bystanders caught him gently by the arm, and engaging him for a moment in conversation, led him into one of the stores, and after requesting him to be seated, went again into the street, and taking off his hat, placed in it a bank note, and passed it round to the collected crowd without the store, where they were striving to obtain a view of the little hero through the windows, and in a much shorter space than it takes for me to write it quite a large sum of money was collected. The old gentleman inquiring the lad's name and place of residence, and writing them on his card, drove off amid the cheers of the crowd, for Mr. White was known all over the city as one of the kindest as well as one of the wealthiest men in the place, and was generally esteemed by the citizens.

With a light and happy heart, Albert hastened to a shop, and purchasing a basket, loaded it with dainties for his mother, and placing the precious load on his arm, stepped briskly away for his home, where he shortly arrived, much to his good mother's surprise and delight, and while they were unloading the basket, Albert related his adventure, together with his interview with Mr. Blake and its result.

Next he went out and bought a load of wood, and in a short time a rousing fire threw into the room a cheerful warmth.

Concluded on Fourth Page



MASSACHUSETTS STATE ELECTION, TUESDAY NOV. 5, 1861.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN A. ANDREW, of Boston.
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS SUFFOLK CO.
JAMES RICE, of Boston.

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1861.

THE VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS will be called upon to deposit their votes on the 5th inst., for a chief magistrate of the glorious old Commonwealth. Prominently before the people stands the honored name of John A. Andrew for re-election to that office. Gov. Andrew has already served one term, and an administration more spotless, more pure, and consequently more satisfactory, our old State never enjoyed. Gov. Andrew is the man for the times—a man to be reached by the poor and oppressed as well as by the higher classes—he has an ear for all, and consequently is always impartial. The deaf mutes of Massachusetts and those interested in their education have more to expect from him than from any other man. Let them arise on the 5th, and to a man, vote for John A. Andrew.

At the same time the voters of Suffolk County have to choose a Register of Deeds. James Rice, Esq., the people's candidate, needs no word of encomium from us. His long experience as chief Clerk in the office under Mr. Alline, extending over a quarter of a century, and the prompt, faithful and satisfactory manner in which he has discharged the duties of Register, to which office he was elected a year and half ago, upon Mr. Alline's resignation, are the highest proofs of his eminent qualifications for the position over all competitors. The office in Suffolk stands confessedly at the very head of all similar offices in the whole United States for the accuracy of the records, the scrupulous neatness with which they are kept, and for the elaborate and thorough system of the indexing. And this high reputation has been obtained for it by the almost fabulous improvement Mr. Rice brought with him upon his election—every thing being under his own personal oversight, assisted by experienced and careful clerks.

Such are Mr. Rice's claims to the office—he has earned it—it belongs to him. Voters of Suffolk, do your duty by electing James Rice as Register of Deeds, for the County of Suffolk. Beware of scratched and mongrel tickets.

We have never been able to discover the reasons for the opposition of "Old Hartford" to the long projected institution in Massachusetts. We received a letter on the subject from one of our most distinguished mutes, setting forth in few words, but in strong light, the merits of the whole question, concluding with a judgment in favor of a new school in Massachusetts for girls, and another in some other distant part of the State, for boys. Unfortunately, while in New York last week, we lost the letter and the readers of the Guide are, in consequence, deprived of the treat they would otherwise have had to its keen and convincing logic.

We do believe that a great mistake has been made by resting any part of our claims upon the charge of mal-administration at Hartford. And we are convinced that if we could sustain the charge, it would do no good whatever in the matter of a new school in Massachusetts.

This was our opinion at the outset; but others thought differently, and we bowed to their judgment. But we ourselves did believe in the truth of the charges preferred, and we held that if they were true the institution was a fit subject for indictment by the Grand Inquest; if they were not, that Mr. Chamberlain, the principal witness against her ought to go to the State Prison. Mr. Chamberlain, in the capacity of a witness, accompanied the Committee of Mutes, of which we ourselves were a member, to Hartford, but we had no opportunity to examine him, although we had come prepared with a long list of interrogatories to be propounded to him in the presence of all, by the Legislative Committee who were with us. The chance

was, however, lost to us by the Committee's conclusion that they had no right to put the Institution upon trial.

But, perhaps yet, the course of the Committee in seeking to introduce the charges was not altogether an unwise one; it may be that it was right and proper, at least so thought a majority at the time, and we are not aware that there has been any change of opinion among them since. One of the good results of their course of action is plainly manifest to-day in the thorough state of efficiency into which the school has since been placed. But still there cannot be a doubt that these charges have retarded rather than advanced the period when we shall have a new school. What we aimed at was a new and independent institution in the old Bay State; not the reformation of the Hartford. That we have not yet obtained. We should not therefore give up our efforts too soon, but while rejoicing at the great improvement so manifest of late in Hartford, persist in the good work.

We want a new school in Massachusetts because we don't believe in a large and crowded school; because we wish to test our new method of instruction, which we think a decided improvement upon the method pursued at Hartford, and the other American institutions; and because, although at first we did not see any necessity for a separation of the sexes, we do now clearly see it. We know all the imagined difficulties and unquestioned responsibilities of our plan. But if you are in earnest, these difficulties will at once disappear, and the responsibility will be such that you will gladly bear. This is not the first time that a knot hard to untie has been cut. Believe that you can, and you can. The will only is needed.

They are mistaken who suppose that we have any quarrel with Mr. Turner, personally. We have known him from our boyhood, and have esteemed him for his kindness of heart and for his humanity. We knew that when we made up our mind to lend a helping hand to the cause that we would be misrepresented, and time has verified the prediction.

We would earnestly recommend the formation of an association of gentlemen interested in the matter, to meet at stated times, consider the question in all its bearings and go before the legislature united. This will have more effect than will the spasmodic efforts of individuals.

The Ninth Anniversary of "St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes and others willing to promote their welfare" was celebrated on Sunday, Oct. 6th. A discourse was preached by the Rector, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, setting forth the following statistics:—Families 86 (15 whose heads are deaf-mutes), Individuals about 700 (150 deaf-mutes). Baptisms, adults 23 (2 deaf-mutes), infants 27 (1 of deaf-mutes); total 50. Confirmed 57 (6 deaf-mutes), communicants 263 (46 Deaf-mutes), marriages 14 (2 of Deaf-mutes), 26 burials (1 deaf-mute and 2 children of deaf-mutes). There were during the year three services every Sunday, the afternoon being specially for deaf-mutes. There were 213 services on the days specially noted in the Calendar, or appointed to be observed by the Civil Authority. The Holy Communion was administered 17 times in public and 6 in private. The children were publicly catechized in church 9 times.

It was stated that besides the services held in this church specially for deaf-mutes, and the interpretation of sermons for their instruction at the other occasions of divine worship, the Rector had been instrumental in holding occasional services for their brethren in other places, viz: 1 at St. Stephen's church, Milburn, N. J., 1 at St. Anne's, Lowell, 2 at the Church of the Advent, Boston, 2 at Trinity church, Norwich, Ct., 1 at Grace church, Baltimore (here, in the chapel, there is a service for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon, conducted by one of their number, under special license of the Bishop), 1 at the Church of the Ascension, and 2 at the Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia, 3 at St. Paul's church, Albany, 1 at Grace church, Lawrence, 1 at St. Paul's church, Hartford, and 1 at Christ church, New Haven; in all 16. This was considered but the beginning of offering the privileges of the Christian Church to the educated deaf-mutes of our country. The income of St. Ann's church for the year was, offerings \$5,299 26, donations from friends mostly outside of the Parish \$3,156 03, from Trinity church \$300, other sources \$31 35; total \$10,786 64. Could this church at once receive about \$4000, it would be in a self-sustaining position. The general scope of the sermon, with its affecting incidents,

showed that much had been accomplished in the way of improving the condition of deaf-mutes in temporal as well as spiritual matters, and that this Parish should be sustained in its interesting mission by the Church at large.—*Correspondence of the Church Journal, N. Y.*

An original tale, by "Lizzie," will appear in our next.

Miss Lucy Reed, of Danby, deaf, dumb, and blind, was recently awarded \$3.00 by the Rutland (Vt.) County fair. She exhibited, as she had in former years, quilts of patch-work in which the different colors were admirably arranged and the work without fault.

Rev. THOMAS GALLAUDET, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, N. Y., preached in the Church of the Advent, Green street, in this city, Sunday Oct. 24th.

The Boston Deaf Mutes Christian Union, have determined upon a course of Lectures through the winter season, AMOS SMITH, Jr., Editor of the Guide, delivered the opening lecture Thursday Evening, October 31.

The greatest blunder of the Administration was the removal of Gen. FREMONT.—Make him our next President.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. WHITON is about to write a series of temperance papers for the Guide, so far at least as this year is concerned.—Mr. W. is an elegant and pleasing writer.

PRAYERS vs. PROVISIONS.—An old widow lady having employed a clerk in our Registry of Deeds to examine a title which occupied considerable time (having traced the records back some 10 years)—represented that she was poor and could not pay any money, rewarded him with the following prayer—"God be gracious to you.—The Lord make his face to shine upon you &c."

It strikes us that the prayer, although a good one, could not pass current for Provisions or Groceries at the present advanced prices.

A FAMILY OF WIDOWS.—The venerable Mrs. Caldwell, of New York, who died recently at the age of ninety-five years, left four daughters and four grand daughters who are widows. The late Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., of this city, married a daughter of the deceased. He wrote an obituary notice of Mrs. Caldwell some years ago, when she was considered to be at the point of death, but she survived her esteemed son-in-law, and his sketch of her character was read at her funeral by the Rev. Dr. Magoun.

A word of advice to the Petitioners for a school for Mutes in Mass.—PICK THE FLINT AND TRY THE OLD GUN AGAIN.

A MUTE BOSS.

Dear Sir.—Allow me to insert in the Guide a communication containing some thing probably interesting to your mute readers.

Deaf mute bosses are a rarity among us. It is difficult to ascertain the causes of this rarity; but it may perhaps be attributable mainly to the diffidence of mutes even the well-educated. It is notorious that mutes lack energy and moral courage to encounter the difficulties of any enterprises, into which they may enter on their own hooks. There are, however, a few exceptions to the rule. In fact, we have some mutes who evince a strength of mind by scorning dependence on others.

In the printing business we find three mute Ben Franklins, surveying their presses as their own property. They are LEVI BACKUS of the Radu; EDMUND BOOTH of the Eureka; and WM. W. FARNUM of the Tri-States Union. They have my best wishes for their success.

Now, confining myself to the last named boss, I shall state who he is and what he has done.

WILLIAM W. FARNUM, of Port Jervis, Orange Co., N. Y., was graduated in 1859 at the New York Institution,—he having finished his education at the High Class. Immediately after his discharge, he sought from day to day, from week to week, a situation as a mercantile clerk; but, alas! his endeavors were unavailing, for the merchants appeared to be wanting in confidence in mutes. It is a strange fact that the Directors of that Institution, who are merchants, brokers and lawyers, did not take any members of the High Class,—all intelligent, well-educated and gentlemanly,—into their employ, nor did they take

pains in recommending them to their mercantile friends. The interest which the Directors feel is in the Institution, and not in its pupils. They take pleasure in inspecting on appointed days the kitchen and bedrooms, cleaned and arranged beforehand.

At length Mr. FARNUM obtained a situation as a tutor to a mute boy, residing with his father in Columbia Co., N. Y.; but the monotonous school routine and other circumstances did not suit his active mind, and he therefore resigned his office. Soon after,—his coat taken off and shirt sleeves rolled up,—he commenced as an apprentice to learn type-setting. It was a most manly act; and I have reason to believe he struck the right trail to wealth.

Last June he, in partnership with a promising lawyer, named ALLEN, purchased a printing establishment in Port Jervis, a beautiful village, containing 5000 inhabitants. Its former proprietor, Mr. NORTON, is now Editor of the Hartford Daily News, a paper with Southern proclivities.

Mr. FARNUM and his partner (a hearing person) have just begun to issue a weekly paper, called the TRI-STATES UNION; and, in spite of these depressing times, are doing very well. It is hoped that your readers' patronage will be extended to that enterprising mute boss. The price of subscription for his truly excellent paper is only one dollar per annum in advance.

Type setting is an occupation eminently proper for well educated mutes, for it improves their minds, besides affording money to buy their bread. So they will take this gentle hint and do accordingly—instead of wearing their shoes out by wandering in search of situations as clerks.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

Aug. 27, 1861.

We are happy to count Mr. FARNUM's paper among our exchanges and are peculiarly pleased to add our testimony to our friends communication above.—Ed.

For the Guide.

The Tattler.

LETTER XIX.

MR. EDITOR:—In the last number, some of your correspondents expressed a wish to read my exposition of the educational and domestic management at our Institutions. As I said in my Letter xvii. that I intended inserting it in some other journal, which would surely fall into the hands of our legislators. Nevertheless I shall here give a few opinions on the merits and demerits of the system of Articulation, pursued at certain institutions abroad.

I read with much interest Mr. Day's reports. It is worth while to remark that Mr. Day was employed by Dr. Peet, generally known as the foremost champion of the Natural-Sign Education. I doubt not that Mr. Day was impartial, though; and moreover that his object was solely to ascertain the practicability of the Articulation system,—without any intention of enhancing that of Dr. Peet's system.

In his second report, he gave a critical analysis of the capacity of the best pupils to read on the lips. To understand his given stories they signally failed, though their teachers endeavored several times to render their labial and lingual movements perfectly plain to the bewildered pupil's eyes. This statement indicates the impracticability of the Articulation System; and Mr. Day said that the pupils did not evince as much interest in Articulation as in the Sign-language. Be this as it may; there is, however, a certain thing that should not be lost sight of. Mr. Day did not quite fully explain the reasons of their failure; nor did he detail the *modus operandi* of the system.

There once lived for some years in this city (New York) a German mute artist, who graduated at the Berlin Institution. He is exceedingly intelligent and well-informed; he was taught articulation, and notwithstanding his congenital deafness, he can speak as well as it may be expected of a born mute. Being intimate with him, I obtained much information from him, concerning the *modus operandi* of the system. He stated that the pupils, having good tongues, attained to the ability to articulate, by first seeing and comprehending a sort of signs implying the letters and syllables, exhibited with the teacher's fingers on his tongue, teeth, cheeks and throat. I do not remember having ever read this fact in Mr. Day's, as well as Mr. Weld's, reports.

On observing his, as well as other German mutes' want of fluency in speech, I found, after investigation, that the philosophy of sounds and the principles of accent

were not clearly expounded to them. Their total deafness excludes the possibility, on their part, to hear and distinguish the accents of spoken words; and their ignorance of proper accents makes them issue words, imperfect in spelling and deficient in accent; hence the difficulty with which strangers understand them.

I do not see how our mutes can ever be made to speak quite fluently and correctly, without having the principles of accent and philosophy of sounds duly explained to them. They are in the same category with those who, having not the principles of grammar fully explained to and exercised on their memory, are apt to write ungrammatically. I admit it possible for their old friends to comprehend their jargon.

A question has been raised in various places:—Is Articulation necessary for deaf-mutes and also semi-mutes to learn? I answer, YES. I don't mean all the mutes; but those of the rural districts should learn it, by all means. The reason why they should do so is simply that they live on farms, where books and journals are not always to be had, and their parents and relatives do not always use dactylology in conversing with them. The medium of their colloquy is rude and clumsy signs, the constant use of which naturally bedims their knowledge of written language. This truth none can deny. Nothing but the faculty of articulation, brought forth into constant play, can save them from their downward way to primeval ignorance.

Fully sensible as I am of the great quantity of labor in instructing articulation, and of the difficulties arising from the neglect, on the part of the teacher, of its fundamental principles, I would not urge this system to be introduced into our institutions—unless teachers of a right kind be found, and the philosophy of sounds and principles of Accent be fully and faithfully taught, with such apt signs as may be devised in order to diminish the quantity of labor.

Of the system, now in operation at the American Institutions, I shall speak in my contemplated Exposition:

I am highly gratified with Mr. Burnet's notice of Monsieur Pelissier, who is one of my select friends and correspondents. While I was at Paris, pursuing my studies in Painting, M. Pelissier was my private tutor in the French language, though, it is true, he did not know any English word. New French words spelt on his fingers were understood by means of my French and English dictionary.

Besides his poems, he has written a book which promises to immortalize him. It is called "L'Enseignement Primaire des Sourds-Muets, avec une Iconographie des Signes."

I received one copy from him two years ago, examined it and was struck with its excellency and importance as a guide-book for teachers of mutes. Although written for the use of deaf-mute schoolrooms, it facilitates the relatives of uneducated mutes to teach them at home.

The lessons throughout its pages are extremely judicious and skillfully arranged; the directions as to how the lessons should be exercised, are so perspicuous as not to mislead even the most stupid teacher.

In order to present a specimen of the perspicuity of its directions, I shall translate a direction with its attendant lesson:—

"Take the bench, carry it on your left shoulder and touch with your right mid-finger the middle of your chest: this is the sign of the pronoun—I."

Returning the bench to the ground, you will say in signs,—

I carry a bench.

Make a pupil repeat the exercise, and instead of turning your finger to your chest, you will point it to his person in sight before you: this is the pronoun,—THOU.

Thou carriest a bench.

Turn from the one who carries the bench, and, looking fixedly at your other pupils, point to him; this is the pronoun,—HE.

He carries a bench.

So on with the other pronouns. The iconography of signs, found in the latter pages, is indeed a curiosity. They were designed and drawn by a mute artist of no mean ability.

Should I one of these days turn a teacher of mutes, I shall certainly use M. Pelissier's work, above all now in vogue,—all the lessons being, of course, translated by myself for my own use.

As I have not in my possession any copy of Mr. Jacobs' work of the similar kind, I cannot judge its merits; but all the teachers of my acquaintance have spoken of it in the highest terms.

Senex, not quite satisfied with my state-

ment in regard to the origin of negro-kind, asks me a question:—"Instead of one of the sons settling in the South among the mixed and colored population, suppose he settle on some island or in some country in a similarly southern latitude where there are no negroes. Mr. Palette will, I think, admit that climate will have very little effect on his posterity."

Should the son settle in a tropical island in the Pacific Ocean, with a daughter of Irish parents for his wife, his children will have none of the Irish characteristics, and bear a certain peculiarity of features, influenced by the climate of the island.

Every nation has its own climate. The climate of England is widely different from that of France, though the nations are divided by the channel only thirty miles wide. Hence, the English features are by no means similar to the French.

I have long been in Europe, and studied human races. There is a remarkable fact, which I noticed. In the centre of France, the people bear purely French characteristics of the countenance; in the places bordering on the Pyrennes, the people resemble the Spaniards both in features and in complexion, and in those on the Rhine, they look more German than French, though they, as well as the Southern French, are purely French in birth, language and habits. I have seen the children of American missionaries,—Dr. Meigs', for instance,—who were all born in Ceylon, bearing oblique eyes.

Nature is always governed by climate. Governed by the climate of one place, Nature always fashions the lineaments of its natives, and in another place she does the same thing with its natives, but in a manner different from the above. For example, the Southerners in our country, as a general rule, have prominent, straight and pinched noses, exceedingly thin lips and large and restless eyes; and the Northerners have flexible and crooked noses, flexible lips, small and inquisitive eyes. The individual characteristics of the negro are attributable to the extreme heat of the African deserts, which worked on his *pigmentum*; and to the weakening effects of the heat on his mental, nervous and constitutional systems, which naturally produce individual monstrosities in his offspring. But when he is brought with his wife to America, and they live in the temperate zone, their children, born therein, will have less black skins, less flat noses and less thick lips; and their grand-children, of purely African blood, will show fairer skins, much less receding foreheads, and Circassian noses and lips. This fact is confirmed by Hugh Miller, who, treating of the "Progress of Degradation," says:—"The monstrosities did not appear early, but late, and that the progress of the race as a whole, though it still retains not a few of the higher forms, has been a progress, not of development from the low to the high, but of degradation from the high to the low."

"While we must recognize in nature certain laws of disturbance, if I may so speak, through which, within certain limits, traits which are the result of habit or circumstance in the parents are communicated to their offspring, we would err as egregiously, did we take only these into account, without noting that infinitely stronger antagonist law of reproduction and restoration which, by ever gravitating towards the original type."

I hope Senex is now satisfied with the origin of negro-kind. When the Tattler read the following words in Senex's entertaining letter:—"Let the two madmen mount their Bucephalus, one behind the other, cross land and ice and settle their quarrel in that delightful paradise of eternal snow," the Dutch Rocking Chair, which read them over his shoulder, poked at his ribs and winked significantly at him. "Egad," cried the chair, at length;—"Tis good. The two madmen, eh? Two doesn't sound well, but three does. Three produces harmony, and two does not. The third madman—"

"The third madman?" popped in the Tattler. "Yes," answered the chair;—"the one who visited himself at his icy mansion." "He visited himself?" "S. and B. are in one person." "Ah!" "And he ate fruits—snowballs, of course." "Indeed."

"And danced a pirouette with the love-liest of the Esquimaux girls." "Did he?" "Yes, and the pirouette terminated in a grand gallopade to the North Pole, and thence in a balloon into the Auroral regions. There he planted an immense American flag."

"He's a patriot," observed the Tattler. The Chair nodded in the affirmative; and, having evidently caught the infection of Senex's patriotism, breathed forth—

Amid the phosphorescent sphere,
Beyond this darksome world,
Amid Aurora billows clear,
The bold, patriotic charioteer,
SENEX, his flag unfurled—
The Stars and Stripes,
Thrice glorious,
Bona pro patria
Et omnibus!

Whilst on the waves of gold—

The Tattler was obliged to go down to the kitchen and pay his baker's bill.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

*October, 1861.

Reports of Mute Asylums.

"People who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

My unfortunate (because he is "deaf and dumb, poor fellow," friend John Smith—who, by the way, assists in teaching

"The young idea how to shoot."

This teacher, I say, called on me the other evening, for the purpose of enjoying an interchange of sentiment and social feeling. Our conversation fell upon the annual reports of the American Asylums for the deaf-dumb, in which he professed to give some honest opinions at random respecting their grammatical merits. He said, "Mr. Carlin's paper on the salaries—he used 'wages' in place of 'salaries'; well, no matter; every one to his taste—his paper on the salaries of mute teachers, at the Convention of the speaking teachers out West, gave rise to a war of words, in which his brethren, who had formed line of battle, were worsted, ay, totally defeated—a real Manassas defeat. The speaking teachers refused point blank to recognize the equal independence of their deaf colleagues in the matter of dollars and cents. The thoughts of the deaf-dumb, they said by way of justifying their opposition, were so far signified as to render it impossible to English them with any degree of perfection. And everything the mutes put into writing, had a deaf and dumb idiom, they said.

"That the habit of thinking in signs is one of the greatest evils of the deaf-mute community, I allow"; continued my friend, "but it can be corrected by a judicious course of reading and writing, as in the case of the late Miss Ellen Galt Martin. This lady, when a girl at school, was the laziest of the lazy, although her intellectual powers were of the highest order. After she left school, her friends made her converse only in writing, discarding signs altogether. Their efforts in this direction were crowned with signal success: she struggled with, and surmounted the most formidable impediments; she acquired an extensive command of idiomatic English, and wrote elegant letters, a specimen of which may be found in *Godey's Lady's Book*, for October, 1858. Hence her example affords the highest encouragement to persons similarly situated; since it shows how far application availed for acquiring an excellence which nature seemed willing to deny.

"While the speaking teachers charged upon their less favored brethren all manner of violations of grammatical propriety in expressing their ideas, they seem to have been oblivious of the fact that they themselves were not exempt from the same errors. We have an instance of it in the following extract from a recent report of one of the leading American Asylums:—Of the many interesting questions which those concerned in the management of Institutions for the deaf and dumb are called upon to consider and to answer, no one is more important than this. The two words italicized should be not one, for we cannot say, grammatically, no one of the many boys whom I have taught. None would do as well.

"A few lines below:—Many mutes having never seen another like themselves have probably supposed that they alone were thus afflicted. The 'never' should precede the 'having.' At page 16 we have this sentence:—If two deaf-mutes marry, both of whom lost hearing in early life, they will be no more likely to have deaf and dumb children than persons who can hear and speak. The 'no more' preceding the 'likely' should be not more. Would no more be beautiful? The words 'deaf and dumb' occur in the report under review, as in all other reports, with an unpleasant frequency. Why not put a hyphen between the two words in place of the conjunction and, as thus: deaf-dumb?

"Another report—that of one of the schools, abounds in inconsistencies of grammar. For example, page 14:—There are many deaf mutes whose general information is highly creditable, and when among their companions in misfortune, always command high respect, who, nevertheless, are deficient in the use of written language. There are others whose command of written language is unusually good, who, yet in all respects, except age, are children. The man who made up the report, here writes as if he were himself a deaf mute. He speaks of 'many deaf mutes,' who, by aping the airs of intellect, gain the high respect of their companions in privation, and yet cannot write two consecutive sentences. And in the very next sentence he prates about 'other' mutes who are remarkably skilled in the use of written language, but nevertheless are, in all respects except age, but children of a larger growth. The repetition of 'there' is awkward and unpleasant. The entire passage should be thus remodelled: Among the deaf-dumb are many whose general information is highly creditable, and commands the high respect of their companions in misfortune, although they lack facility in the use of written language. Others there are who, notwithstanding their extraordinary proficiency in the acquisition of written language, act like children. The 'in all respects except age, are children,' is an admirable awkwardness, though an awkwardness strictly grammatical.

"In the reports of the Mute schools so many words are occupied in describing the disadvantages under which the children of eternal silence labor in acquiring knowledge, that one who has never seen these 'unfortunates' would be led to

think it the most dreadful thing in the world to be the parent of a deaf child. The deaf-dumb are more sinned against than sinning. Oh, my!

"The style of the reports of the Asylums in general is characterized by want of attention to the art of pleasing in language—the sentences are arranged with an awkwardness so remarkable as to be matter of absolute astonishment, when I consider that the writers are A. M.'s. Wonder if they ever studied Scott's Waverley Novels, Dickens' David Copperfield, Fielding's Tom Jones, Swift's Tale of a Tub and the Battle of the Rocks, Thackeray's Snobs, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Miller's Schoolmaster, or Curtis' Trumps. A palm of glory ought to be awarded to the reports of Mr. Jacobs' school for their elegance of diction, as well as for their justness of thought on all the questions which involve the interests of the deaf-dumb.

"I must not omit mentioning a little incident which occurred in my own school-room a short time ago. A mute boy, fresh from school, being on a visit to the establishment where I am employed, talked to a speaking gentleman, who is an A. M., and, among other things, said, 'Brevity is the soul of wit.' The A. M. turned to me, and, with an innocent confusion in his face, told me that the 'Brevity in the soul of wit' of this mute boy was 'something new.' Bright."

Upon the remarks of my friend it is needless to comment.

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

JOHN SMITH, AGAIN.

Between you and me, good reader, John Smith is a devilish good fellow—such a fellow to tell stories when a little tipsy. Not that he ever drinks to intoxication, but his friends (of whom I am one), just ply him with lager beer to the extent of putting him in a condition to tell any and all stories. A short time since he liquored up rather strong, or I had better say *lager-beered*, because, forsooth, he never drinks anything stronger than lager beer. And over his pint of beer, he narrated his sufferings from the prejudices of the many who have ears to hear but understand not. "My friends," said he, "you wish to know the whole secret, from first to last, of everything that concerns the deaf-mute teacher's pecuniary prospects. I am a teacher with a salary, I need not say, of 600 dollars a year. I have a wife and a daughter, just out of her teens. You are aware of my wife's fitness to do her part towards making a happy hour. She cuts out and makes up her own clothes and mine. She tries to manage affairs so as to make the ends of the year meet; but the instance is yet to be brought to my knowledge in which a mute teacher living in a large city where expenses are highest, can make the expenses of every day fall a little below his salary. In New York, for instance, it is impossible to save anything on wages of fifty dollars per month, with a family to support.

"To live within one's means is the first requisite to the safety of a housekeeper; but, look you, the deaf teacher must dress himself, and his family too, to keep up appearances. My wife, if called on, will furnish a register of expenses for a year; from which you will see how difficult it is to carry a family on \$600 a year into comfort. I have the expenses of the year ending December 31, 1859, as follows, (my salary being \$600):

Meats,	\$100 00
Flour,	29 50
Fuel,	60 75
Groceries,	290 12
Clothes for self, wife and child,	150 00
371,	\$630 37

"\$630 37! My income is only \$600—no provision, you see, is made for contingencies. Hence the impossibility of living on the salary I receive.

"Of late time have I petitioned the authorities for an increase of salary, pointing out the necessary outgoes of my family, but, a plague on my deafness, I have been given to understand that the only bar to my emolument is a want of hearing or, in a word, deaf-dumbness. The authorities say, further, that the instances are very rare in which deaf mutes attain to a perfect command of language, and are thereby disqualified for teaching a more advanced class. Of all the hearing teachers of whom I have any knowledge, not one can write more gracefully and profoundly on the education of mutes, than Mr. Jacobs, of Kentucky, and Professor Talbot, of Ohio. The Trustees of the Kentucky School under the care of Mr. Jacobs, pay the mute teacher on very liberal terms,—in fact the difference between the wages of the hearing and deaf teachers in that school is only \$100; the former get \$1000, the latter \$900.

"I had almost forgotten to place in the ranks of these glorious folks, Mr. Kerr, of the Missouri school, and Mr. Gallaudet, of the Columbia school, both men in whom is no guile, so far as injustice to mute teachers is concerned. Mr. James G. George, editor of the Richmond, Ky., *Messenger*, himself a semi-mute, speaks of the Missouri school as being the best in the United States, as regards justice to mute teachers in the matter of equal remuneration, he having been employed as a teacher there. Professor Denison of the Columbia school, a semi-mute, in a letter written last spring, talked of Mr. Gallaudet, as if he was the best man in the world. O how I love to see mute children of a larger growth lavishing their tender affections on their principals!

"I have already told you of the defeat Mr. Carlin suffered in the battle of tongues at Jacksonville, Ill. One of these teachers, the one who said, 'If I had a child of my own that was deaf and dumb, I would not want it at any time in its course of study to be under a deaf and dumb teacher, and especially one who had not advanced, as it were, out of that deaf and dumb condition in which they are born,' cut poor Carlin up in detail. The teachers knelt, every man of them, at the shrine of self-interest. They consented to teach the deaf-dumb for the consideration of a thousand dollars a year; but, as soon as they saw efforts making in certain quarters to place their less favored fellow men on the same footing with themselves, up they rose in a rage, and swore, and swelled until they were ready to burst. *Swore, did I say? Ay! do say that!* If I had a child of my own that was deaf-dumb, I would not allow it at any time in its course of study, to be under a mute teacher," is equivalent to cursing Him who saith, 'Thou shalt not curse the deaf.'

Who among those teachers has read Swift's 'Battle of the Books'? Not to have read this most celebrated of Swift's works, argues ignorance. The communications of the teachers which I have seen in print, of course excluding those of Messrs. Jacobs and Talbot, are deficient in the art of enlivening by anecdote and lightness of style a dry subject. They turn much upon the moral education of the deaf-dumb. If they wish the deaf-dumb to be morally perfect, they must allow an adequate salary to come within the range of their rights as members of the community. Ont with their everlasting talk of improving the moral condition of the deaf mutes. Why not let the mute teacher be paid the same salary that the hearing teacher receives? By Saint Gallaudet, we are glad to see our hearing associates living in fat and splendor! But we claim the right to enjoy the privileges of citizenship to as great an extent as they do.

"My neighbors say I of course have a thousand and a year. I would not for the world undecieve them, for I think that their knowledge of my actual salary would inevitably result in their thinking small beer of me. My wife's relatives, upon being acquainted that my salary was \$600, exclaimed, 'O for shame! O for shame! You ought to have a thousand.' Happily for my reputation, they do not know that my hearing colleagues receive double that sum. Did they know it, they would, no doubt, treat me with much indignity, for—

—Pride is war's ground."

Alas for John Smith! To see a deaf mute treated in the way of which my friend complains, is a curious sight. Just think of an educated mute subsiding into a status of patience, while his more favored associates fare sumptuously. Cannot the evil of which my unfortunate friend complains, be corrected?

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

For the Guide.

Review of the Weather.

NUMBER FOUR.

The following is an account of the weather for 1855:

Clear days.....	86
Cloudy days.....	71
Rainy days.....	141
Snowy days.....	53
Days of rain and snow....	14
	365

The following is an account of the temperature for 1855:

Cold days.....	63
Cool days.....	118
Pleasant days.....	67
Warm days.....	103
Hot days.....	14
	365

The year 1855 was noted for its unusual fruitfulness. Crops of all kinds were bountiful, though the summer was unusually wet and pretty unfavorable for harvesting. Peaches, cherries, apples, plums and other fruits were abundant and selling at unusually low prices.

I copy the following extracts from my journals, respecting "Wonderful Fruits."

"June 14. A gentleman from East Liberty (five miles from Pittsburgh,) has left at our office [Daily Union office,] samples of apples, peaches and plums, together with the twigs holding them. There are about thirty peaches on a twig not more than four inches in length! There are six plums in a single cluster (having come out of a single bud!) The editor of the *Dispatch* says he has seen eighteen peaches on a twig only an inch long! The peach crop bids fair to break down the trees, if necessary care is not taken to prop up their limbs and branches."

"July 24. The editors of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* have seen specimens of wheat, and say that seventy-five stalks have grown from a single grain of wheat! Suppose there were fifty grains to each stalk, there would have been 3750 grains of wheat coming from a single grain!"

"Sept. 11. A gentleman has brought to our office for a show a limb only six inches long, with three small branches attached to it, about three inches long each, on which they are 103 plums! This speaks well for the extraordinary fruitfulness of this year."

As regards the extraordinary yield of peaches, my brother Thomas wrote as follows:—"I have examined our peach trees,—and I find that double peaches are very common; I have seen some peaches that had three in a bunch; I also found one that had four in one bunch! Mr. JOHN MILLER saw five united in one bunch on one of his peach-trees."

The year was also noted for tall corn. Some corn-stalks were more than twenty feet high. A man in Freeport said that his corn grew a foot in twenty-four hours! Apples were sold at the extremely low price of five cents a bushel; peaches, ten cents.

There were some potato-vines growing on my father's farm, which measured six feet long.

WEATHER ITEMS.

The winter of 1854-55 was an unusually severe one West of the Allegheny Mountains.

Jan. 21. There was a heavy and furious storm of rain and wind at Butler, Pa. It produced a sudden change from warm to extremely cold in the weather. The storm extended over a very large region of country, and was much more severe and destructive in the East—at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington City, &c. There was thunder and lightning at Baltimore, Washington City, Cape May, and some other places. Several buildings in Philadelphia were levelled to the ground by the

force of the storm. A large number of vessels were wrecked in the Delaware river and along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean.

There was a severe snow-storm in New England on the 21st and 22nd; and in the northern towns of New Hampshire, the snow was six feet deep!

At Cincinnati, Ohio, the thermometer stood at 70 degrees on the 21st, but fell to 10 degrees on the following morning.

Jan. 22. There was a phenomenon at Freeport, Pa. It was like a halo around the sun, but it was *straight* instead of being *curved*; it had the same colors that a rainbow has.

Jan. 28. There was a heavy and severe rain-storm in the East. The storm occasioned a sudden break-up of ice and a big freshet in the Schuylkill river.

About the same time, there was a most terrible snow-storm in Illinois, especially in the northern part. The snow was about eight feet deep on a level, with drifts of from fifteen to fifty feet deep high! All the Railroads leading to Chicago, were blocked up with snow for several days. There were about seventeen locomotives on the Illinois Central Railroad, which were either frozen or buried in the deep snow. Strange as it appears, so great a quantity of snow fell at an unusually low temperature—the thermometer standing at zero or a little below zero during the storm!

Many of the readers of the *Guide* will no doubt recollect how a passenger train on the Illinois Central Railroad got snowed up, and how the passengers fared. The train left Springfield for Chicago that morning, there being no snow at the former place; but when the train was within about thirty or forty miles from Springfield, it encountered a heavy snow-storm, and forced its way through the snow which was getting deeper and deeper every minute, till the train got about half-way between Springfield and Chicago, when, unfortunately, the locomotive became frozen, so that the train could go no further. The passengers were compelled to remain in the cars for several days, as there were no houses in that neighborhood. Fuel was all used in a short time, and the passengers were compelled to make fuel of trunks, chests, boxes, and even the seats in the cars, in order to keep themselves warm. Food was also exhausted after a while, and hunger impelled them to kill, cook and eat a dog which happened to be on board the train. At last some sleds or sleighs were sent to the snowed-up train, and took all the famished passengers to a farmer's house, where they were properly cared for.

Feb. 4. There was a phenomenon in the evening, at Freeport. It was on each side of the moon, like mock-moons, each having a tail.

Feb. 6. It was the coldest day of the season. At Freeport, the thermometer stood at 14 degrees below zero, at 7 A. M. In other places the temperature ranged from 0 to 30 degrees below zero. The weather had been intensely cold without any thaw for three weeks.

Feb. 7. Snow fell hard all the morning and forenoon till early in the afternoon, when it changed to sleet, which, strange to say, was of a dark color like coal-ashes.

The sleet continued falling to the depth of four or five inches, till in the evening it changed to rain, which fell heavily and in torrents, freezing on the ground. On the following morning (the 8th) the streets, sidewalks, roofs of houses, trees, fences, and every inch of land, were covered with ice to the thickness of from an inch to five or six inches. Walking and riding were rendered extremely dangerous by the slippery state of the ground till the next day (the 9th) when some more snow fell and covered the ice, rendering walking and riding easy. On the night of the 10th, the ice cracked very loud—almost as loud as a pistol. Some of the noise shook the houses, for the ice cracked on the roofs!

March 7. The ice broke up in the Allegheny River, which had been closed for more than a month. It was said that the ice was three feet thick at Kittanning, Pa., and that it was about ten feet thick at the head of the river!

March 14. There was an extraordinary atmospheric phenomenon at Freeport. It was seen at one o'clock in the afternoon. It was a ring or halo around the sun, and another very large ring around the zenith. The large ring passed through the centre of the sun. There were two parhelia or mock-suns, one on each side of the sun. The halo was very plain to be seen; it was colored like the rainbow. The large ring around the zenith was not colored, but of a white color like a cloud. The parhelia were on the large ring, and were red but not bright.

[I have intended to get up a cut or diagram of the phenomenon described above, to be inserted in the *Guide*; but, owing to the war and other circumstances, I am compelled to give up my idea of doing so.]

April was one of the warmest and best growing months.

April 18. The thermometer stood at 87 degrees in the shade at Pittsburgh.

April 19. At Philadelphia, the thermometer attained the height of 82 deg.

April 20. There was a heavy and furious storm of rain and wind, accompanied with some thunder and lightning, at Pittsburgh. There were four currents of clouds at the commencement of the storm.

April 25. The thermometer stood at as high as 88 deg. in the shade at Pittsburgh. The thermometer at my uncle's woolen factory, four miles from that city, stood at 90 deg. This was unusually high for April.

May 5. There was a sudden and unexpected rise in the Allegheny River, which broke loose and carried away a great many rafts. Over one hundred of them were destroyed by coming into contact with the piers of the bridges at Pittsburgh.

May 7. There was a pretty heavy fall of snow at Pittsburgh, at night.

May 8. The weather was unusually cold and raw, with frequent falls of snow and sleet. But the fruit crops were not much injured.

The Cholera raged fearfully at New Orleans during May. There were 204 cholera deaths during the week ending on the 28th.

There was no rain at Pittsburgh, for twelve days (from the 19th to the 31st of May.) The crops suffered considerably from the drought; but the drought was terminated by a tremendous thundershower on the 31st of May.

June was an unusually wet month; there were twenty-one rainy days during the month.

June 1. There was snow to the depth of thirty feet, still remaining on the White Mountains, in New Hampshire.

June 6. A severe rain storm commenced at noon at Pittsburgh, and continued without intermission for 28 hours.

June 8. There was a fall of snow at Syracuse, N. Y.

June 16. There were two terrific thunder-showers at Pittsburgh, which did much damage to property. A break took place in the Canal about eight miles above the city, by which navigation was suspended for several days.

June 30. The thermometer stood at 100 deg. at noon. At about five o'clock, P. M., there was a terrific storm of rain and hail, accompanied by a destructive tornado. It lasted half an hour, doing much damage to property.

There were great floods in various parts of the United States during June and July.

July 10. An unusually heavy and severe thunder-shower commenced at an early hour in the morning, and continued at intervals till three o'clock in the afternoon. The amount of rain which fell during the storm, as measured by the gauge at the Oakland Observatory, near Pittsburgh, was 2,620 inches—more than that which fell during June, July and August, 1854.

July 11. There was a big and unexpected flood in the Monongahela River, caused by the heavy storm of the preceding day. At Brownsville, there were 30 feet water in the river, while at Pittsburgh the river attained the height of only eighteen feet. An immense quantity of driftwood floated down the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, so as to stop the passage of steamboats. The creeks and runs emptying into these rivers, were swollen to a height almost unprecedented. The grain crops along the course of these streams were injured to such an extent as to render them almost worthless. Entire fields were submerged, and fences torn down and washed away. The loss to farmers was very large.

July 13. There was another heavy thunder-shower at Pittsburgh.

July 20. Pittsburgh was visited with an unusually violent thunder-shower, which lasted about an hour. The thunder was unusually heavy and loud, and was very quick in succession, being heard at intervals of from half a minute to two minutes, for nearly an hour. The lightning was very active and vivid. The rain poured down in perfect deluges of water, flooding many of the streets.

On the same day, there was a terrible storm at Philadelphia, which did much damage to property, by filling many cellars and basements with water. In some of the streets the water was up as far as a man's breast. The rain fell in unusually heavy torrents for a time.

July was a very wet month—there being eighteen days on which it rained more or less. An unusually large quantity of rain fell during the month, which considerably spoiled hay and grain crops. In many localities, considerable lots of wheat and rye were sprouted. A good many farmers were engaged in hauling most of the grain into their barns on Sunday (on the 29th,) before the heavy showers came in the afternoon.

There were several heavy showers during August and September, which kept the rivers in navigable order.

October 6. The first snow of the season fell at Pittsburgh. There was also a display of Aurora Borealis at night.

October 12. There was a heavy snow storm at Blairsville, Pa.

Nov. 17. There was a continued and tremendous fall of rain in the morning and forenoon, at Pittsburgh. In the evening there was a heavy thunder-shower which lasted about half an hour. The heavy rains caused a rapid rise in the rivers, and a break in the Canal about eight miles above the city.

Dec. 2. There was a tremendous storm of rain and hail at Pittsburgh. It was accompanied by a tornado.

Dec. 9. There was a severe gale blowing all day at Pittsburgh, which was followed by intensely cold weather.

In the latter part of December, the weather was intensely cold, and the rivers were closed with ice.

A MUTE TYPO.

For the Guide.

Doughnuts.

Gentle Reader—are you a Yankee? Yes Sir—Good. Then you can fully appreciate the article above named, for the *Doughnut* is a purely Yankee Institution.

In my estimation there is no cake, either foreign or domestic, that can approach it within the range of Parrot's rifled cannon shot. How vividly I remember (though forty years have since elapsed) the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of my school-boy days, when my good mother was accustomed to fry a batch of these delicious nuts. Methinks, I now see the ample old fashioned kitchen fire place, occupying the greater part of the side of the house, with the large kettle, containing the fat, suspended from the crane, over the wood fire—the sizzling of said fat being music to our ears. We usually stood around, anxiously waiting for the first edition to make its appearance, and ready to annihilate it at sight (without grace). The good lady would exclaim, "Boys, if you don't go right away, I won't fry another nut this afternoon"—which had the effect of our beating a retreat, which was a caution to the "Bull Run."

In this connection, I will conclude with relating an anecdote of a reverend gentleman of Cape Ann, who flourished some quarter of a century since. He had a weakness for Doughnuts, and was often invited to take a cup of tea with his female parishioners. His invariable reply was, "now, madam, pray don't put yourself out in the least on my account, but I am extremely fond of Doughnuts." It is almost unnecessary to add, that a plate of the above named luxury was sure to grace the table.

SIM-BALL.

For the Guide.

The Suburbs of Boston.

MR. EDITOR:—Being on a visit to your beautiful city I have improved the opportunity to "reconnoitre" the surrounding hills and valleys, where in my youthful days I used to roam and hold sweet converse with the God of Nature. Time has wrought wonderful changes in all directions, and while the city itself has expanded and "grown almost out of remembrance," the march of improvement has made still greater strides in the country "round about." The forest has indeed been made to blossom as the rose, and the pasture and barren hill are being converted into flower gardens, surrounding lovely and almost palatial residences, which are the happy homes of Boston's merchants, clerks and mechanics, who nightly seek retirement from the din and bustle of the city to breathe the balmy air of Heaven in all its invigorating freshness.

I have been led to these reflections by a recent visit to the more immediate scenes of my boyhood days, near the blue hills of Milton and the borders of the beautiful Neponset, upon whose placid bosom "many an hour I've whiled away." In company of a friend, we took the cars of the Boston and Providence Railroad, and in twenty minutes stopped at Kenny's bridge, near which now stands a fine depot called Hyde Park. At once we found ourselves, as it were, in the midst of a thriving village, where but a few brief years ago my "young idea was taught to shoot" the rabbit and the partridge. The little world of my youthful dreams suddenly flashed before my imagination, and as we perambulated the hills and valleys now studded with neat, new cottages, our attention was especially invited to a number of new and substantial French villas, situated on the gentle slopes of what is now called Mount Neponset, a beautiful eminence about two minutes' walk from the station, and presenting a wide extent of picturesque scenery from the blue hills southerly to Massachusetts Bay in the opposite direction.

My ideal of a rural residence was at once realized, and as we examined the premises so neatly laid out with gravelled walks and garden plots, and surrounded by fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery, I sighed again to become a resident of loved New England, and to pass the remainder of my days in this charming vicinity, where churches and schools are flourishing, and the advantages of a quiet retreat are combined with the conveniences of a home.

I was greatly surprised to learn that one of these beautiful places could be purchased for the very low price of twenty-eight hundred dollars, on account of the laudable determination of the owners to give employment to needy mechanics by building others.

A skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more strange that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

Died.

In Hannibal, Oswego County, N. Y., August 10, JANE, a deaf mute, wife of Mr. Sayls Works, aged 54 years and 7 months. She left a husband, six children, three brothers, one sister and one sister-in-law, all deaf and dumb.

That was a happy night to the widow and her son.

The next day Albert and his mother were considerably astonished at the appearance of a splendid sleigh drawn by a beautiful span of greys, which drove up to the cottage and the occupants alighted at the door, and were admitted by the almost bewildered Albert who recognized in his wealthy visitors, the old gentleman and the beautiful lady of the day before.

Albert introduced his mother, and in a few moments the whole company was conversing freely, with none of that constraint peculiar among the wealthy and the poorer classes when brought into contact with each other; for Mrs. Lane was a lady and knew how to converse pleasantly, while the old gentleman and young lady, (who was his daughter), were equally pleasant and well bred. After a few minutes conversation the visitors arose to take their departure, and the old gentleman called Albert to him, placed a handful of gold eagles in his palm.

I thank you for your kindness, but pardon me, I must refuse your proffered gold. I have only done that I ought to, under the circumstances—besides I have been amply rewarded by the bystanders who witnessed my—my—BRAVERY! Out with my little hero. But tut, tut, don't refuse me—take it as a gift, and the good-hearted gentleman patted the lad's cheek, and after a few words to his mother complimenting her on having such a good and brave little son, took his leave amid the thanks and blessings of Albert and his mother.

But this pleasant surprise was doomed not to be the last.

The gentleman to whom Albert returned the lost purse, drove up to the cottage about an hour after Mr. White's visit, and was admitted by the blushing and stammering Albert.

After conversing upon several topics, he turned to the widow and inquired whether Albert had good education, adding that he appeared uncommonly bright and sharp, and concluded with—appeared to be honest!

He has a very good education for so young a boy, the widow replied. He understands French, Latin and Spanish, and has just commenced studying the German language; he has a good knowledge of all the English branches as taught in our academies.

Has he a thorough knowledge of book-keeping?

Yes sir!

Thank you; I am now prepared to offer him a situation as book-keeper in my firm, if he thinks himself competent to fill that position. What say you, Albert?

Thank you, thank you, sir, for your kindness. I think I am fully capable of filling the situation; and you can give me a trial. I have always wished that I might obtain such a situation, for I think I am competent to do all that would be required of me, for I have a thorough knowledge of book-keeping.

Very well; hold yourself in readiness in about a week—I shall then send for you. Please accept this little present, Albert, he continued, taking a little clasp Bible from his bosom, and study it carefully, and may you ever learn that "Honesty is the best policy."

Good morning, and he was gone.

Albert opened the volume to read aloud a chapter to his mother, but what was his astonishment when upon opening it, several bank notes of considerable value fell to the floor.

On the fly-leaf was written in a bold, beautiful hand: "Honesty is the best policy."

For ten years has Albert Lane filled the position of book-keeper in Mr. Blake's large establishment, to that gentleman's satisfaction.

Albert's mother regained her health a few months after he had commenced his duties at the firm of Mr. Blake, and now lives in a pleasant dwelling in a more convenient locality.

Albert Lane has gained the respect of his employer and every one else with whom he came in contact, and now enjoys a situation as head book-keeper, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year.

The moral to this tale is apparent: "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Letter from Rev. T. S. Burnell.

DEAR READERS: Let me mention to you four things seen of late, one each of the last four times I have been out to speak to the heathen. Yesterday morning I visited the houses of a number of poor pariahs, or rather stood near them, for it is rare that we go into their houses, as they are so very small, having only one low room. Several women were busy in the midst of their children, preparing and pounding grain for their morning meal. Most of them sat upon the bare ground, as is their usual custom. Many of the little children were naked, and among them was one girl of eight or ten years. She appeared strangely, and I learned that she was an unfortunate deaf and dumb child. The poor girl was eating the bran which was separated from the grain by the women, so poor and hungry was this naked child! I could not but contrast her condition with that of the deaf and dumb in America, who have clothing and food in abundance, and who can go to asylums, and there be well educated and prepared for usefulness.

Last evening, in the village of Melur,

I met a man who pleased me by his ability to repeat parts of the catechism which he had learned years ago in one of the schools established by the now sainted missionary, Rev. Daniel Poor, D.D. I was sorry, however, to see on his forehead the white marks of the sacred ashes, and to have him leave me, while I sat near the door of his house at twilight, and go and get leaves of the margosa-tree in order that he or some other person might whisk them over the swelling on a child, while heathen *manthirums* or prayers were repeated. In this way the ignorant and besotted people think they can remove swellings. I have repeatedly seen them resort to this folly, having great confidence in its medicinal power.

This morning I passed the grave of a man (a *kallan*, or one of the *thief caste*) who died a few months ago of cholera. Not long after, I saw on the grave the shells of young coconuts, and on asking the brother of the deceased why it was, he said that perhaps the soul was thirsty, and so the young coconuts (which have an agreeable pleasant water inside of them) were placed there! Alas for the power of superstition and the fear of man! This brother, and the deceased especially, have heard the gospel much, but feared their heathen relatives more than him who made them. And so one has gone to the judgment, and the other gives no evidence of a desire to turn to God; to him, who, though he has wounded, yet wishes to heal.

This afternoon I visited a village near Melur, where I saw an ox with a broken leg. I asked the people why they did not kill the ox, as he could be of no use. They replied, intimating it would be a great sin to kill an ox or cow, and so they will let it suffer till it dies of itself. Such are their ideas of mercy, and because Europeans eat beef, they look on them as very bad people. But the Hindus beat and burn their cattle shockingly, hurting them more than a hundred deaths at the hand of the butcher! So perverted, so foolish are the Hindus that, at Bombay, they have a hospital for sick cattle, horses, asses, etc., while nowhere, that I know of, have the Hindus, of their own mind, built hospitals for human beings!

Dear young friends, do all you can to give this race of Hindus, this one hundred and fifty millions, the Bible and true knowledge, and in due time, in God's time, they will become enlightened and happy,—a people whose God is the Lord. May the time come soon.

Melur, India, Nov. 7. 1860.

—Wellspring.

TALK FOR BOYS.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it is a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it is a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it is a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it is a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think of future blessings from his heavenly Parent.

And though great changes some times take place in the character, yet as a general rule these signs do not fail.

AN INCIDENT IN MR. DOUGLAS' COURT APPEARANCE.—It was during the sitting of his court that the notorious Joe Smith was to be tried for some offence against the people of the State. Mob law had taken matters somewhat under its charge in the west; and the populace, fearing that Smith, in this particular instance, might manage to slip from the hands of justice, determined to take him from the court house and hang him. They even went so far as to erect a gallows in the yard, and having entered the court room, demanded of the sheriff the person of the prisoner. Judge Douglass was in his seat; the room was filled with an infuriated mob and its sympathizers! Smith sat pale and trembling in his box; while the sheriff, after vainly endeavoring to quell the disturbance, fell powerless and half-fainting on the steps. "Sheriff," shouted the judge, "clear the court!" It was easier said than done. Five hundred determined men were not to be thwarted

by a coward, and such the sheriff proved. It was a trying moment. The life of Smith *per se*, was not worth saving, but the dignity of the court, must be upheld, and Douglass saw at a glance that he had but a moment in which to do it. Looking around the room, "Mr. Harris," said he, addressing a huge and sinewy Kentuckian, "I appoint you sheriff of this court. Select your deputies. Clear this court house. Do it, and do it now." He had chosen the right man. Right and left fell the foremost of the mob; some were pitched from the windows, others jumped thence of their own accord, and soon the whole crowd, convinced of the Judge's determination to maintain order, rushed pell-mell from the court room, while Smith, who had unperceived, made his way up to the Judge, laid his head on his knee and wept like a child.

From the Spirit of '76.
Lewistown — Churches — Newspapers —
Lawyers — Ladies — Scenery — Know-
Nothings, &c.

LEWISTOWN, PA., AUGUST 18.
DEAR SPIRIT:—I am summering among the lofty mountains, happy and well; no cough, nor, indeed, any feeling of sickness, thank goodness. By some knowing ones I was said to be in a consumption, but I knew they were not speaking the truth, and faith they wished to get me out of terra firma.

Lewistown is a town of considerable importance, situated in a valley, shut in by high hills, and is striving to "out-Herod Herod" in aping the elegancies of life, &c., of Philadelphia, though at the sacrifice of individual comfort, and peace of mind and conscience. The State-House is a pretty, though by no means a large edifice. The Academy, kept by R. B. Ross, A.M., is ditto ditto ditto ditto. The Jail—O fie on you, projectors of it!—it is so wretchedly constructed that I would be at a loss to discover its parallel in all America. The Baptist Church is a small affair. So of the Catholic Church. The Lutheran Church is a handsome structure, with its spire rising to the sky. It is an ornament to the town. As also the Episcopal Church.

Of hotels, the Lewistown House is the best conducted, (with the exception of the Railroad Hotel, recently built,) Mr. Van Leet is proprietor, and a more polite gentleman does not exist. Next in rank is the National House, directly opposite the Lewistown; well conducted, and frequented by farmers as well as strangers. Business of all descriptions seems to be well done in this town.

Three papers are published in this town, viz: *The True Democrat*, by Messrs. Walters & McCoy; *The Lewistown Gazette*, by George Frysinger; and *The Aurora*. Another paper has recently sprung up into existence, bearing the name of *The Flea Bite*; J. M. Stauber, editor. It contains nothing of an offensive nature; no, it rises above the vulgar. It is a tiny sheet, well edited, and well printed on good type. Mr. Walters, of the *True Democrat*, is a lawyer—talents excellent—never drinks liquor—lives in an elegant brick house, which he built a short time ago, out of his own purse—has a pretty, amiable, intelligent wife, and some small children. I go to his office every day, excepting Sunday, to read his exchange papers. He is President of the Apprentices' Hall, and is a member of the Lodge of Odd Fellows. He walks with a quick, nervous step. He looks young and would impress one, at first sight, with the idea of his not having yet arrived to manhood's estate. He is a man to be respected, but more especially beloved.

Many lawyers in town, but little doing. Mr. Benedict is said to be the best lawyer here. Almost every man drinks hard. I incline to think that Lewistown is the strong hold of the devil.

Not a beautiful girl in town! Every girl, notwithstanding, is going to get married. Here the poor marry the rich and *vice versa*. The view from the top of the hill, at the foot of which Lewistown stands, comprehends every variety of country and water scenery. We, that is, Lizzie and myself, go up the hill almost every morning, and enjoy, in a high degree, the prospect of the country, which the summit of the hill affords. Lizzie is the lady who figured in the "Joe and Lizzie difficulty" which you, Mr. Spirit, advised your million readers of, in May or June. The mountains a little distance from the town, are said to be infested by bears and wolves.

Excellent fishing along the canal. I have not gone to catch fish since I was in town. I went shooting last week, but no bird could I murder, owing to some defect in the lock of my gun. I will make no more shooting, at least as long as I stay. An association of "Know-Nothings" has been organized in this place. I, for the soul of me, cannot get a glimpse of their plans, &c. Why should I Know-Nothing of their plans? Mr. Walters, of the *True Democrat*, wars with the leading members of this order. I wish to Know-Something, and not Know-Nothing of the object they have in view.

Yours truly, &c.
JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

Practical Joke of a Fire Zouave.

A member of the New York Fire Zouaves who went from Chicago to join Col. Ellsworth in April, and who, until then, had been an industrious typo on the Chicago Tribune, was out on picket duty one day last month, when the following incident occurred:—An F. F. V., with rather more than the usual superciliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course, by his "servant." Zoo-Zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro and white man at one charge, and roared out "tickets." Mr. V. turned up his nose, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mudsills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darky, and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo. "All right," said the latter, glancing at it, "move on"—accompanied the remark with a jerk at the coat collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue: "Want? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass."—"Can't help it," replied Zoo, "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer is already passed, you can't pass two men through this picket on one man's pass." Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion when the "shooting stick" was brandished towards his own breast. "Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo-zoo. "Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gent in the carriage. "Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't get any one from Fairfax on that ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hard gallop. "Now, sir, if you stay here any longer, I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued. Mr. V. grabbed up his lines wheeled around and went off at the best trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.

PERIODS OF REMARKABLE COLD.—A. D. 401. The Black Sea was entirely frozen over.

462. The Danube was frozen so that an army crossed on the ice.

763. The Black Sea and Straits of the Dardanelles were frozen over.

822. The Danube, Elba, and Seine, were frozen so hard as to bear heavy wagons for a month.

860. The Adriatic Sea was frozen.

874. Snow fell from the beginning of November to the end of March.

891-893. The vines were killed by frost.

1133. The Po river was frozen from Cremona to the sea. Wine casks were burst, and trees were split by the action of the frost with immense noise.

1216. The Po was frozen fifteen ell deep. Wine casks were burst.

1234. Loaded wagons crossed the Adriatic to Venice.

1236. The Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained so for a long time.

1261. The Catagat was frozen from Norway to Jutland.

1292. The Rhine was crossed by loaded wagons, and travellers crossed the ice from Norway to Jutland.

1323. Foot and horse, travellers crossed from Denmark to Lubec and Dantzie.

1344. All the rivers of Italy were frozen over.

1408. The wolves were driven by the cold from Denmark, and crossed the river to Jutland.

1434. It snowed forty days without interruption.

1458. The wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders, was cut in pieces with hatchets.

1460. The Danube was frozen two months.

1565. The Scheldt was frozen so hard as to bear loaded wagons three months.

1594. The sea was frozen at Venice.

1621-2. All the rivers of Europe were frozen, and the Zuyder Zee and the Hellespont was covered with a sheet of ice, and the Venetian fleet was frozen up in the Lagoons of the Adriatic.

1658. Charles X., of Sweden, crossed from Holstein to Denmark, with his whole army, foot, horses, baggage and artillery.

The rivers in Italy bore heavy carriages.

1684. The oaks were split in England by the frost, and coaches drove upon the Thames.

1691. The cold was so intense that the wolves entered Vienna and attacked men and cattle in the streets.

1707. The frost penetrated the ground in England to the depth of three yards; in France the olive-trees were killed, and in Italy the citron and orange trees suffered severely.

1716. Fairs were held on the river Thames.

1740. An ox was roasted whole upon the river Thames.

1776. The Dnieper below Vienna froze five feet deep, and in Holland and France wine froze in the cellars.

1814. Frost fair was held upon the Thames.—*Scientific American*.

ONE OF THE PRESENTATION SPEECHES.—The Washington correspondent of the Sunday *Mercury* furnishes that paper with the following report of a late presentation speech in that city:—

"A distinguished citizen of Washington presented the other day a sword to the colonel from the ladies of the Capitol, and made an eloquent speech. He spoke of the wonderful manner in which the world was called out of chaos at the creation, and spoke feelingly of the Garden of Eden, and the fall of our first parents; he then went on to review the many changes the earth had experienced since it was first created, and described the method of the ancients to cook bread before stoves were invented; he then spoke of the glories of Greece and Rome, giving a full history of them from the beginning to the present time; he then went on to describe the origin of the republican and democratic parties, reading both platforms, and giving his ideas of Jackson's policy; he then gave an account of the war of the Roses in England, and the cholera in Persia, attributing the latter to a sudden change in the atmosphere; he then went on to speak of the difficulties encountered by Columbia in discovering this country, and gave a history of his subsequent career and death in Europe; he then read an extract from Washington's farewell address; in conclusion, he said that the ladies of Washington had empowered him to present this sword to that gallant colonel, in the presence of those here brave defenders of their country."

SENSUAL INDULGENCE.—Sensual indulgence and illicit pleasure, in all the various forms by which they entice the unwary, are pitiless, murderous tyrants. Their clutches are like the clutch of fate, and the man who tangles with them is simply lost. There is no half-way dealing. The only safety is in an instant and unreserved abandonment of "the ways that take hold on death." The destruction of the body is the lesser part of the calamity. It were something lamentable, indeed, if a man's body, capable of beauty and enjoyment, were lost in a swine's fate. But the terrible sight is the soul, maddened and turned in upon itself, fixing the fangs that sin has poisoned upon its own immortality.

"VISIBLE" AND "INVISIBLE."—Rev. — was preaching at an appointment not so intelligent as Virginia audiences generally are. His text was (2 Cor. iv.) on looking not at the things which are, but at the things which are not seen. The preacher had occasion to use the words visible and invisible.

"Now, brethren," quoth he, "some of you may not understand these words. I will explain them to you."

Stretching up at full length, with arms extended—"Do you see me now?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is visible."

Squatting down behind the pulpit—he was one of those old-time high ones—he cried out *de profundis*—

"See me now?"

"No."

"Well, this is invisible."

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublime, simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimity and purest image, no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow never darkened that little face, death has come lovingly upon it: there is nothing cruel or harsh in victory. The yearnings of love cannot be satisfied; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast its presence, for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

ECONOMICAL PERFUMES.—We give below a few simple recipes for ladies, by which they may manufacture their own perfumes, and have cheaper and better articles than what they usually purchase in the shops:

1. Alcohol, one pint; oil of bergamot, one ounce.

2. Alcohol, one pint; oil or essence of sandal-wood, one ounce.

3. Alcohol, one pint; oil of French lavender, half an ounce; oil of bergamot, half an ounce; oil of cloves, one drachm.

4. Alcohol, one ounce; oil of lemon-grass, a quarter of an ounce; oil of lemon, half an ounce.

By adding four times as much alcohol to either of the above recipes, you will produce a very good Cologne water.

An old farmer in Southern Illinois, seeing the cannon at Cairo, remarked, "That them brass missionaries had converted a heap of folks."

Don't rivet a blacksmith's attention by ironically heating his temper with the assertion that he will forge and steel, for fear you may get hammered and rolled out.

"CAN'T DO IT SIR."

Some poor families lived near a large wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober took pretty good care of his family; but the grog-shop would get his earnings, and then they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick was left in his cellar.

One night he called his eldest son, John, to the bedside, and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, sir," said John, aloud.

"Can't; why not?" asked his father angrily.

"Because I learned at the Sabbath school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn 'Mind your parents' too?"

"Yes sir," answered the boy.

"Well, then, mind and do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood wharf; so John said to his father:

"I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing, I know."

And when he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God with his prayers. He prayed the Lord's Prayer, which his Sabbath school teacher had taught him, only he put something in about the wood, for he knew God could give wood as well as "daily bread."

The next noon, when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of the first thing after he turned the corner? Half a cord of wood before the door, his door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor sent it; but he did not know who they were. He believed that it was God; and so it was.

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